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The SPECTATOR.

- - - - - *Qui Deorum*
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.

WEDNESDAY, *November* 3. 1714.

IT muſt be owned that Fear is a very powerful Paſſion, ſince it is eſteemed one of the greateſt of Virtues to ſubdue it. It being implanted in us for our Preſervation, it is no Wonder that it ſticks cloſe to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preſerve. But as Life, and all its Enjoyments, would be ſcarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual Dread of loſing them; it is the Buſineſs of Religion and Philoſophy to free us from all unneceſſary Anxieties, and direct our Fear to its proper Object.

If we conſider the Painfulneſs of this Paſſion, and the violent Effects it produces, we ſhall ſee how dangerous it is, to give way to it, upon ſlight Occaſions. Some have frightened themſelves into Madneſs, others have given up their Lives to theſe Apprehenſions. The Story of a Man who grew grey in the Space of one Night's Anxiety is very famous;

O! Nox, quam longa es, quæ facis una Senem.

Theſe Apprehenſions, if they proceed from a Conſciouſneſs of Guilt, are the ſad Warnings of Reaſon; and may excite our Pity, but admit of no Remedy. When the Hand of the Almighty is viſibly lifted againſt the Impious, the Heart of mortal Man cannot withſtand him. We have this Paſſion ſublimely repreſented in the Puniſhment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the Plague of Darkneſs, in the *Apocryphal* Book of *Wiſdom*, aſcribed to *Solomon*;

(Price Two-Pence.)

‘For when unrighteous Men thought to oppreſs the holy Nation; they being ſhut up in their Houſes, the Priſoners of Darkneſs, and fettered with the Bonds of a long Night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they ſuppoſed to lie hid in their ſecret Sins, they were ſcattered under a dark Veil of Forgetfulneſs, being horribly aſtoniſhed and troubled with ſtrange Apparitions ---- For Wickedneſs, condemned by her own Witneſs, is very timorous, and being oppreſſed with Conſcience, always forecaſteth grievous things. For Fear is nothing elſe but a betraying of the Succours which Reaſon offereth ---- For the whole World ſhined with clear Light, and none were hindered in their Labour: Over them only was ſpread a heavy Night, an Image of that Darkneſs which

ſhould

‘ ſhould afterwards receive them; but yet were
‘ they unto themſelves more grievous than the
‘ Darkneſs.

To Fear, ſo juſtly grounded, no Remedy can be propoſed; but a Man (who hath no great Guilt hanging upon his Mind, who walks in the plain Path of Juſtice and Integrity, and yet either by natural Complection, or confirmed Prejudices, or Neglect of ſerious Reflection, ſuffers himſelf to be moved by this abject and unmanly Paſſion) would do well to conſider, That there is nothing which deſerves his Fear, but that beneficent Being who is his Friend, his Protector, his Father. Were this one Thought ſtrongly fixed in the Mind, what Calamity would be dreadful? What Load can Infamy lay upon us, when we are ſure of the Approbation of him, who will repay the Diſgrace of a Moment with the Glory of Eternity? What Sharpneſs is there in Pain and Diſeaſes, when they only haſten us on to the Pleaſures that will never fade? What Sting is in Death, when we are aſſured that it is only the Beginning of Life? A Man who lives ſo, as not to fear to die, is inconſiſtent with himſelf, if he delivers himſelf up to any incidental Anxiety.

The Intrepidity of a juſt good Man, is ſo nobly ſet forth by *Horace*, that it cannot be too often repeated.

The Man reſolv'd and ſteady to his Truſt,
Inflexible to Ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude Rabbles Inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs Clamours, and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern Brow, and the harſh Voice defies,
And with ſuperior Greatneſs *ſmiles.*

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,
The ſtubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the Red Arm of angry Jove,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty Crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling World.

The Vanity of Fear may be yet farther illuſtrated, if we reflect,

Firſt, What we fear may not come to paſs. No human Scheme can be ſo accurately projected, but ſome little Circumſtance intervening may ſpoil it. He, who directs the Heart of Man at his Pleaſure, and underſtands the Thoughts long before, may by ten thouſand Accidents, or an immediate Change in the Inclinations of Men, diſconcert the moſt ſubtle Project, and turn it to the Benefit of his own Servants.

In the next Place we ſhould conſider, though the Evil we imagine ſhould come to paſs, it may be much more ſupportable than it appeared to be. As there is no proſperous State of Life without its Calamities, ſo there is no Adverſity without its Benefits. Ask the Great and Powerful, if they do not feel the Pangs of Envy and Ambition. Enquire of the Poor and Needy, if they have not taſted the Sweets of Quiet and Contentment. Even under the Pains of Body; the Infidelity of Friends; or the Miſconſtructions put upon our laudable Actions, our Minds (when for ſome Time accuſtomed to theſe Preſſures) are ſenſible of ſecret Flowings of Comfort, the preſent Reward of a pious Reſignation. The Evils of this Life appear like Rocks and Precipices, rugged and barren at a Diſtance; but at our nearer Approach, we find little fruitful Spots, and refreſhing Springs, mixed with the Harſhneſs and Deformities of Nature.

In the laſt Place, we may comfort our ſelves with this Conſideration; that, as the Thing feared may not reach us, ſo we may not reach what we fear: Our Lives may not extend to that dreadful Point which we have in View. He who knows all our Failings, and will not ſuffer us to be tempted beyond our Strength, is often pleaſed in his tender Severity, to ſeparate the Soul from its Body and Miſeries together.

If we look forward to him for Help, we ſhall never be in Danger of falling down thoſe Precipices which our Imagination is apt to create. Like thoſe who walk upon a Line, if we keep our Eye fixed upon one Point, we may ſtep forward ſecurely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly Glance on either Side will infallibly deſtroy us.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is Publiſhed,
The Examiner, Number I. Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-lane, where Advertiſements will be taken in, and Letters of Correſpondents, as formerly by J. Morphew. To be continued Wedneſdays and Saturdays.

Whereas the following Numbers in the Dutch Lottery are come up Prizes of conſiderable Value, viz. 13214, 88388, 201189, 298279, 303152, [illegible], 307987, 489862, 522860, 527199, 529594, 543950, 589913, 590149, 593052, 626258, 634420, 636597, 648743, 667749, 712928, 721924, 738125, 741630, 761562, 779378, 993447, with a great many other Numbers of Value not here mentioned, which all Perſons that are poſſeſs'd of them may have an Account what Value each or any of them are, at Mr. Carter's Office at the Woolſpack in Kingſtreet by Guildhall: And let him that pretends to ſo early an Account above all other Offices whatſoever, render an Account thereof if he can, and then let the Town judge the Difference of his Office and mine, and ſpeak as they find.

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